

Soliloquy

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Summary: Harry has never been a fan of Ministry parties, or jazz covers.

Soliloquy

A/N: So I got a lot of work done today and rewarded myself by writing a short something or other about Harry and Ginny. Also I don't own ya know. (p.s. I have nothing against jazz musicians)

* * *

><p>Harry sighed into his glass of Ogden's, shutting his eyes in exasperation as another hobnobbing ministry bureaucrat stepped away from his corner to mingle with others. Why am I here again?

"You're here because your beautiful wife is out of town and your bushy-haired best friend guilted you and her fiancÃ© into coming to promote SPEW."

"What the f-"

"Watch your language Potter."

Harry calmed as he caught the flowery scent he associated with one Ginevra Weasley somewhere behind him, to the left.

"I didn't think I was talking out loud."

"You weren't, I'm quite adept at reading your facial expressions."

"Which means you can also tell that â€" "

"You hate this jazz band."

"They were ok before I had to listen to them fudging through jazz covers of 'Classic Wizarding Hits' for the last half hour."

"Too bad you're so recognizable, otherwise I'd tell you to sneak out Mr. Potter. I have a feeling your wife is eager to be welcomed home."

Harry felt a squeeze on his left bum cheek and squeaked in surprise, "Oi! Keep your hands to yourself _Miss_. My wife is very possessive."

"I've heard she's a right battle-axe."

Harry smirked, humming in agreement before the invisible woman slapped his shoulder.

"You said it first, witch," Harry mumbled, taking another sip of his firewhiskey.

"Very true, I _am_ a witch."

"Well you're a _Harpy_ too, so I don't really have any good names to call you, do I?"

"Wench?" Ginny supplied, moving in front of Harry as he put his empty glass down on a nearby table.

"Eh."

Ginny ran an invisible finger down his front, flicking at a button on his dress robes. Harry groaned.

"Is that a wand in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?" she murmured into his ear, moving around his right side, drawing slow circles on his shoulder.

"Neither," Harry answered out of the side of his mouth, Ginny responded with a falsely affronted scoff.

Harry continued, "Well, I _am_ happy to see you, but I think it's a plastic dinosaur."

"Is that where the story ends?"

"I fee like if I tell you another story that explains me being in some strange situation by blaming it on Teddy you aren't going to believe me."

"Yeah, that excuse is getting a little worn."

"Shall I make something up?"

"The real story probably sounds made up too, so why don't you pick and I'll live in blissful ignorance?"

Harry glanced around covertly, "Not here though, _Skeeter_ is around somewhere and all I need is a Prophet headline about how the emotionally stunted 'The-Boy-Who-Lived' copes with social situations by mumbling to himself in a corner."

"Well you weren't doing much better than that before I got here."

"How would you â€" oh bugger there she is. Lets slip into the hallway â€" "

"I am not shagging in the Ministry."

"Even in my office?"

"Too many Weasleys in the building."

"That didn't stop you at Christma â€" you got me off topic. I want out of here and the only way I'm going to make it is if we share the cloak."

"Too bad. I'm not going to."

"Oi! It's mine."

"I seem to recall something about 'what's mine is yours.'"

"Yes well that assumed we would be sharing â€" alright if you won't let me under there I'll just pull it right off you because I think the beetle just spotted me."

Harry looked around to find his mischievous bride â€" fruitlessly given her invisible state â€" before sighing again, "Ginny I am not bluffing."

"Actually, you are, considering you have no idea where I â€" "

Harry had taken advantage of Ginny speaking again to track her down and subtly grip the front of the silky fabric, still light cool to the touch after hundreds of years.

"So tell me again how I have no idea where you are?"

"Uh, Harry? You may not want to follow through on that threat."

"A likely story. Not so high and mighty when you lose your advantage are you, Miss Weasley?" Harry retorted with an air of superiority.

"Potter to you, sir," Ginny smirked under the cloak and Harry's eyes flashed as he stepped closer, shifting them further into the corner and concealing them partially behind a potted fuchsia.

"Ok Mrs. Potter, care to tell me why exactly shouldn't I rip this cloak right off you and disappear into the night?"

"Remember that locket you gave me? For my birthday?"

"The one with the snitch on the front?"

Ginny hummed in response, lightly grasping Harry's collar.

Harry dipped his head to where he believed Ginny's ear was and whispered breathily, "And what exactly does that have to do with

anything?"

Ginny shivered, then stretched up on her toes, still gripping Harry's collar, and whispered back, "I'm wearing it right now, and nothing else, apart from this cl â€" "

"_Bloody hell_ woman! If you don't get me out of here right now I â€" "

Just then, a loud explosion echoed from the right side of the makeshift stage, and large, brightly colored fireworks emerged from the smoke. As a fiery Hungarian Horntail swept across the stage, causing jazz musicians to leap from their seats, Ginny chuckled, "George was right on time," before sweeping the cloak over Harry's head.

"I thought you were lying â€" "

"You know there are two things I never lie about â€" Quidditch and nudie-"

Harry cut her off with a quick kiss, before pulling back with a grin splitting his face, "Can we discuss your trustworthiness in a more _private _situation?"

As if to prove his point, the band, which appeared to be bearing the brunt of the impromptu fireworks show, made its way en masse to their corner of the room. A slightly dazed clarinet player seemed to get a bright idea, pausing less than a meter away, apparently attempting to charm the dragon as one would a snake. Sadly for the man's eyebrows, this plan was unsurprisingly futile.

Most spectators applauded, believing this to be part of the evening's entertainment. Eventually, George emerged from the melee shouting something to the overheated band about things being "completely under control" and how this was "nothing to worry about," while Percy was bellowing something at his brother that Molly would likely scold him for.

Temporarily memorized, Harry was brought back to what he had mentally termed 'the naked wife situation' by a blip on the ear from said wife.

"_Harry_! George only promised me a few minutes' distraction. Now turn around."

Obediently, but with some reluctance, Harry turned his back to Ginny, who promptly hopped on, wrapping her arms snugly around his shoulders and tucking her head into his neck, "Let's go, I have _plans_."

"Clearly." Harry said with a smirk, grasping under Ginny's bare knees and jogging through the crowd.

"So tell me about the dinosaurs."

End
file.